

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

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The Way of a Woman

HEARD AND SEEN :: A Column FOR and FROM Everybody :: By BILL PRICE

THE GODS OF OLD—AND NOW.

CUPID—God of Love, pictured with bow and arrows puncturing men's hearts. All wrong these days. All that's needed is the roll-top stocking or the one-piece bathing suit.

BACCHUS—Famous brewer of nectar. Now has his abiding place in cellars.

ADONIS—Most beautiful youth of old; loved by Venus, and killed wild boars for her. Nowadays goes hunting on F street, where bores are abundant.

SASSAFRAS.

JIM'S BAD PLIGHT.

(Richard Keene, in Vaudeville News.) I've got a letter, Parson, from my son out in the West. My poor old heart is heavy, like an anvil in my breast. My Jim was always headstrong, and had to have his way. And so a letter with the bad news came along today. I just can't tell his mother, it would break her poor old heart. She always loved the boy so, and she always took his part. And so I wonder, Parson, would you break the news to her? Jim's in the Legislature, and he doesn't write what for!

WAIL OF THE PENCIL.

(Dedicated to Stenogs.) When I am nice and long and new, I am handed out to you. You keep your eyes on me all day. And with me earn your weekly pay. At night I'm carefully put away. For fear that from your desk I'll stray.

But when I'm old and scarce of lead, And you've worn down my rubber head, Then you throw me anywhere. The place I land you do not care. But if it had not been for me You could not hold your job per se.

PATENT STENOGR.

In some theaters nobody takes a leading part but the ushers.

LOREN FLETCHER SCHOTT.

THE LAND OF PRETTY SOON.

I know of a land where the streets are paved With the things we meant to achieve; It is walled with the money we meant to have saved, And the pleasures for which we grieve. The kind words unspoken, the promises broken, And many a coveted boon Are stored there in that land somewhere.

The Land of Pretty Soon. There are uncut jewels, of possible fame, And many of noble and lofty aim, Lying about in the dust, Covered with mold and rust, And, oh! this place, while it seems so near, Is further away than the moon.

LOREN FLETCHER SCHOTT.

SEND IN A CONTRIBUTION.

If "Broadway Jones" doesn't think our column worth while, who doesn't he try to improve it? All I have to say is if he isn't clever enough to get anything worth while out of it, then he isn't worth spending any time or any space in our column on. Ignorance is bliss—happy Jones. Maybe he's tried to get something printed, and wasn't clever enough, so he thought he'd write a nice friendly (?) letter.

KITTY.

Aeroplane thieves are getting so common that soon the Washington housewife may, before retiring, say to her better half: "John, put the cat out and be sure and lock the attic skylight."

GILL.

WORD DIAMOND.

M O R D S
C O N E E R S
F O R G O L I A N
M R E E L I N G
D R I N K
S A G
N

H. SMITH.

ONE MORE CRAZY ONE.

'Twas a bright September morning in October last July. The moon was shining brightly and the sun was in the sky. The flowers were gently singing, and the birds were in full bloom. As I went down in my cellar to clean my upstairs room.

The time was Tuesday morning of Wednesday just at night. I saw ten thousand miles away a man just at night. His name was William Wrong, but he was always right. The villain's lips were tightly sealed as he yelled with all his might. "Come, kill me if you can, but spare my life," he cried. So I shot him with my dagger and killed him till he died.

BROWN EYES.

A DEFINITION OF WAR.

A wholesale means of making heroes which, if planned on a retail scale, would result only in murderers.

EAMON O SULLABHAIN.

Rastus—"Sam, what would you do if your girl asked you for a kiss over the telephone?" Sam—"I would ask for better connection."

BIG BEN.

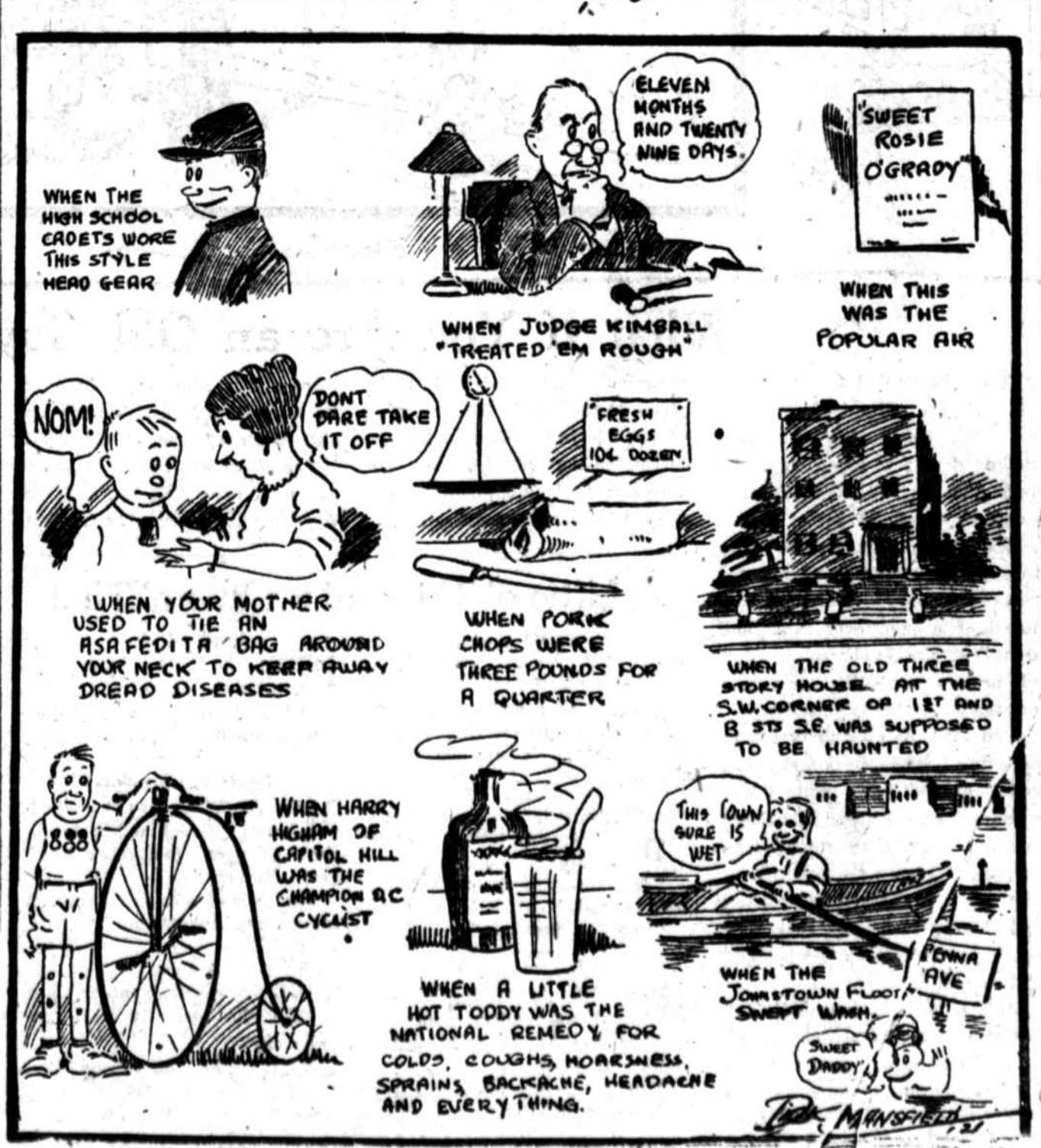
FLORAL QUERIES.

Find me the heel of the heliotrope! Where is the tulip's lip? When will the crocus croak again? How does the slipper slip? Why do they call the primrose prim? How does the poppy pose? Where can I find the poppy's pop? Only the nosegay knows!

CHEVY.

There was a young pilot named Doc. Carried mail in a glauz balloon. When they asked him to state, What made him so late, He said "Oh, I took lunch on the moon."

Who Remembers? - - - By Dick Mansfield



PIGEON EXPERT AT NO. 7.

A pigeon, badly injured and lacerated about the neck, evidently by a bird hawk, flew into the quarters of No. 7 Truck Company for protection. On its left leg it carried a band with the numbers 4-11-44, which made it appear to be a suspicious bird, because this is a good old policy number.

Driver Joe Bagagli, who is some lover of fine birds, took the suffering pigeon in his hands to treat it before liberation. The pigeon suddenly flew from his hands and landed on a No. 10 rubber boot belonging to Deacon Jones, a heavyweight member of the company. This caused an argument as to the breed of pigeon it was and what was its motive in coming to the truck house.

Driver Joe insisted it was a policy runner because it had the Wash Woman's Row number on its leg. Private Knight, who claims to be an expert on bird nature, said it was a bootlegger. The argument was about to get hot when someone suggested that Private George Smith be called in to settle the question.

Smith gave the bird the once over and then asked that the bird be tossed into the air so he could watch the movement of its wings. This was done. The pigeon circled around the room a few times and then alighted on a chair, whereupon Smith announced "It's a stool pigeon. I can tell them as soon as I throw my lamps on them."

DENNIS.

She—It's awfully hot. I'll take off my coat.
He—And I'll follow suit.
She—Your coat will do.

ILLINOIS.

Greece is acting mighty perky—Someone's away whipping Turkey.

Teacher—Willie, make a sentence using the word nuisance.
Willie—Mamma makes me put all

THE COLUMNISTS.

The columnists are a great lot of boys. They are original even as imitations. Their trade began some time back with just the old-fashioned paragraph. There were good columnists about as long ago as there were any newspapers. Addison was a kind of columnist in the Spectator—a little long-winded, but he had the idea. George D. Prentice was a good one, long years ago, and so was M. Quad, on the Detroit Free Press, who sixty years ago used to mix jokes and verse just as the modern fellows do.

But with these temperamental youngsters it is exactly as if the thing had never been done before. They are all Adams—all paradise-starters—each the first fellow that ever was. They are the salt that would make the newspaper a flat dish if they were not in it.—Boston Transcript.

Heard and Seen is unique because it is not a one-man column. Its scintillating wit and humor are from a large staff of voluntary contributors. Its brief poems are as widely quoted as its jokes and humor, and they, too, are contributed.

Here rests Jack Walters. Passed away from booze. Taken from other people's cellars. A. O. A.

Yes, verily, 'tis said that the most popular song in the Great West is "I'll Move THE EARTH FOR YOU!" V. W. M.

If a Bobby meet a body Coming thro' with Bye, If said Bobby pinch a body Need other bodice eigh! VICTOR.

WHY SHOULD HE? Bobbers "sandbagged" an ice dealer, robbed him of \$75 and then locked him in his own ice room. He refused to take the incident coolly. JULES BACK.

UNRAVEL THIS ONE! Behold me once, I'm a parasite; Behold me twice, in heat I'm nice; Behold me thrice, I'm civil engineer. My whole a female name will appear. A. W.